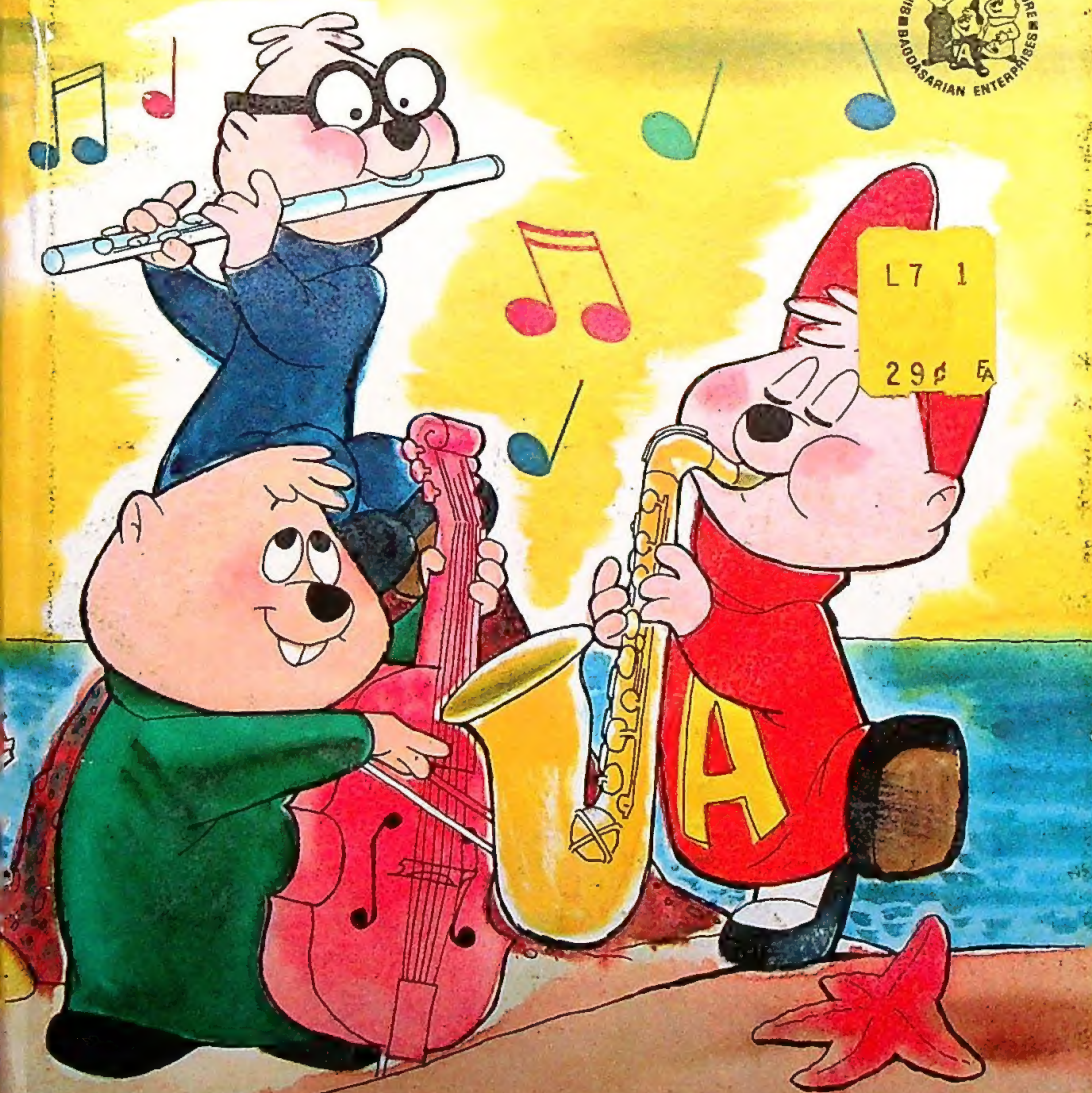


A Whitman BIG Tell-a-Tale

Alvin and the Chipmunks

AUTHORIZED EDITION

The OCEAN BLUES



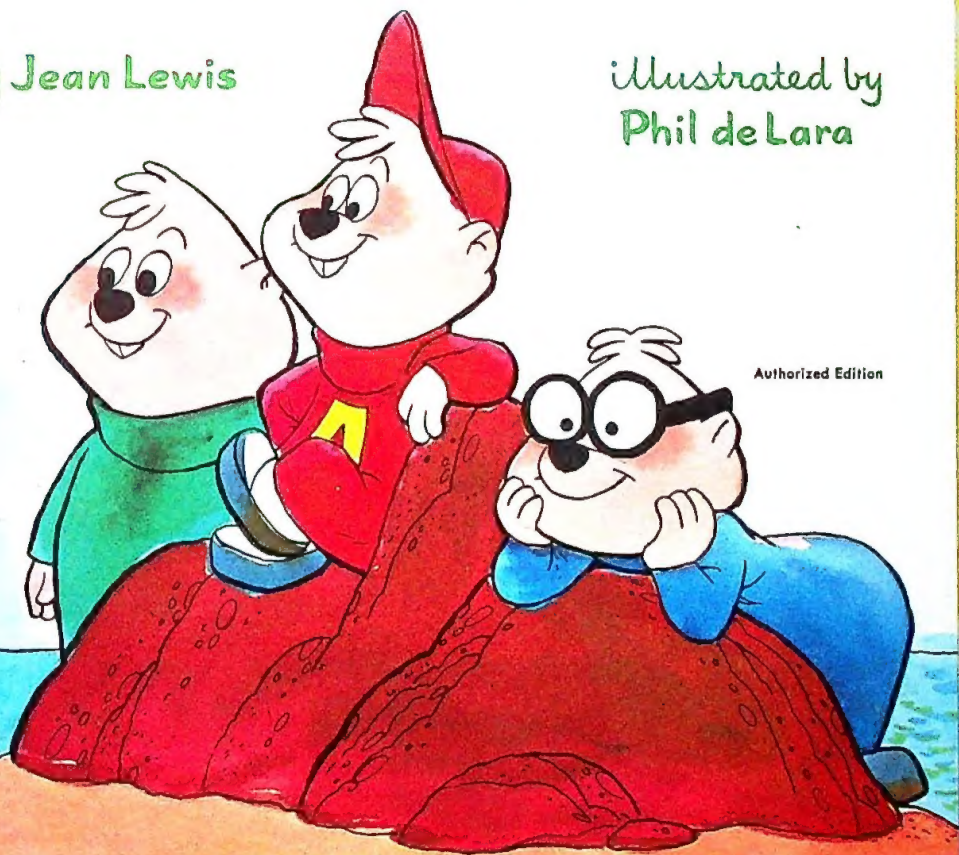


Alvin and the Chipmunks

The OCEAN BLUES

by Jean Lewis

Illustrated by
Phil de Lara

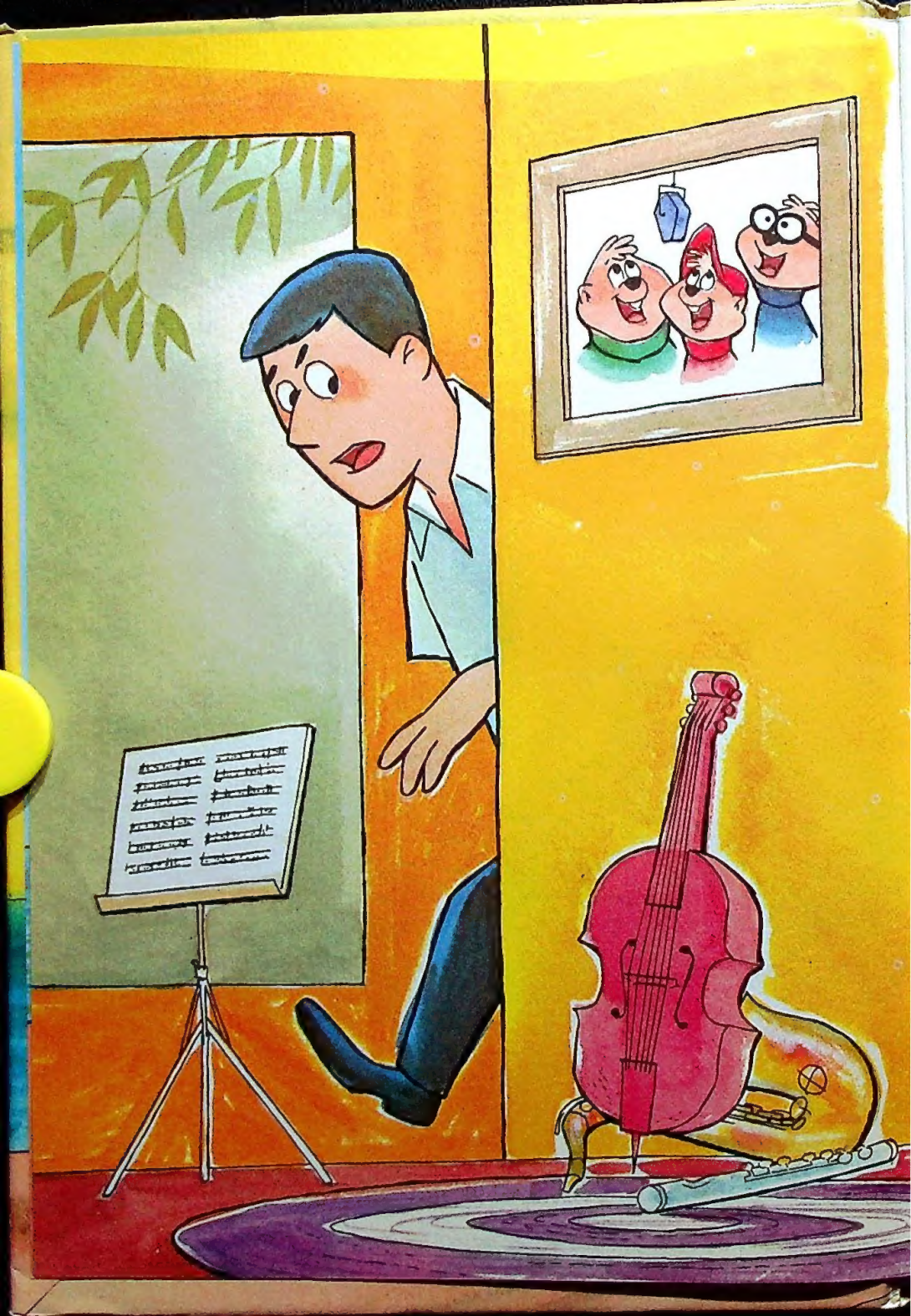


Authorized Edition

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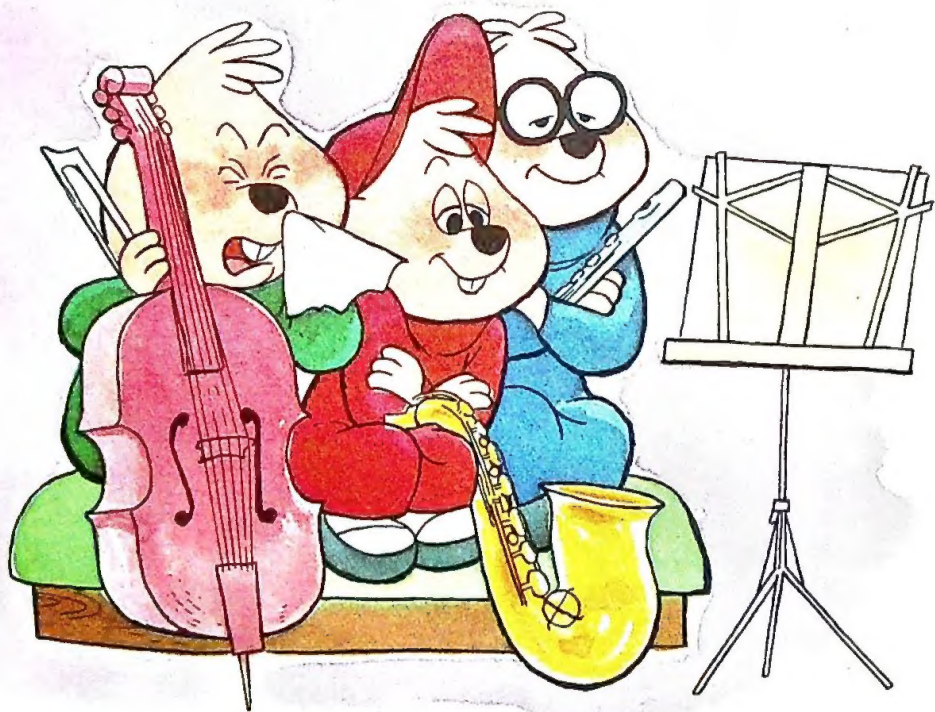


"Psst! Simon, Theodore — follow me!" whispered Alvin. He tiptoed to the door.

"Al-vin!" yelled Dave.

"Okay, okay!" Alvin dropped his swim trunks and picked up his saxophone. Theodore wrapped himself around his cello. Simon unpacked his flute.



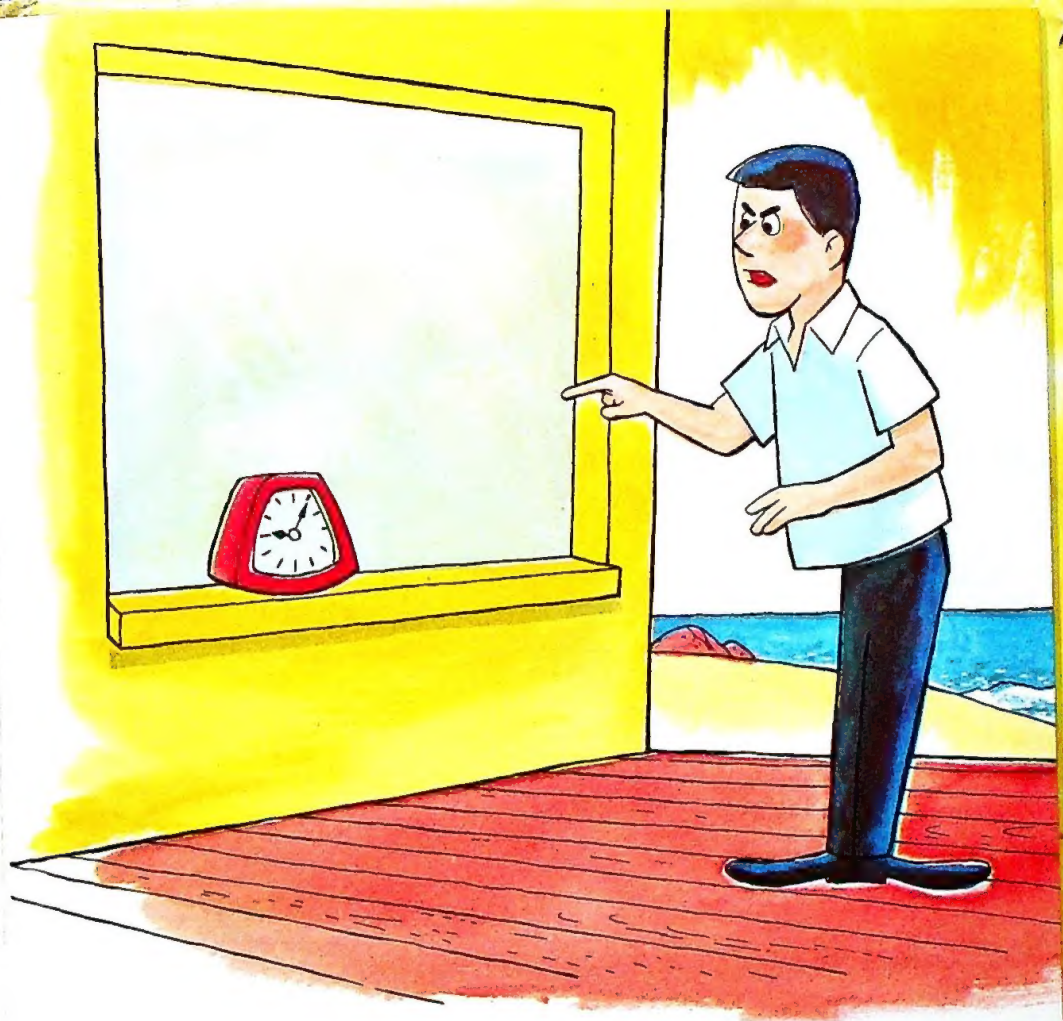


"Now, boys," said Dave, "you know the rules: two hours' practice every day before you can go to the beach."

"Couldn't we practice on the beach, Dave?" begged Theodore.

"It's cold in here," said Alvin.

Simon shivered. Theodore coughed.



"All right," groaned Dave. "Practice on the beach. Remember, I can't see you, but I can hear you. If you stop before this alarm clock rings —"

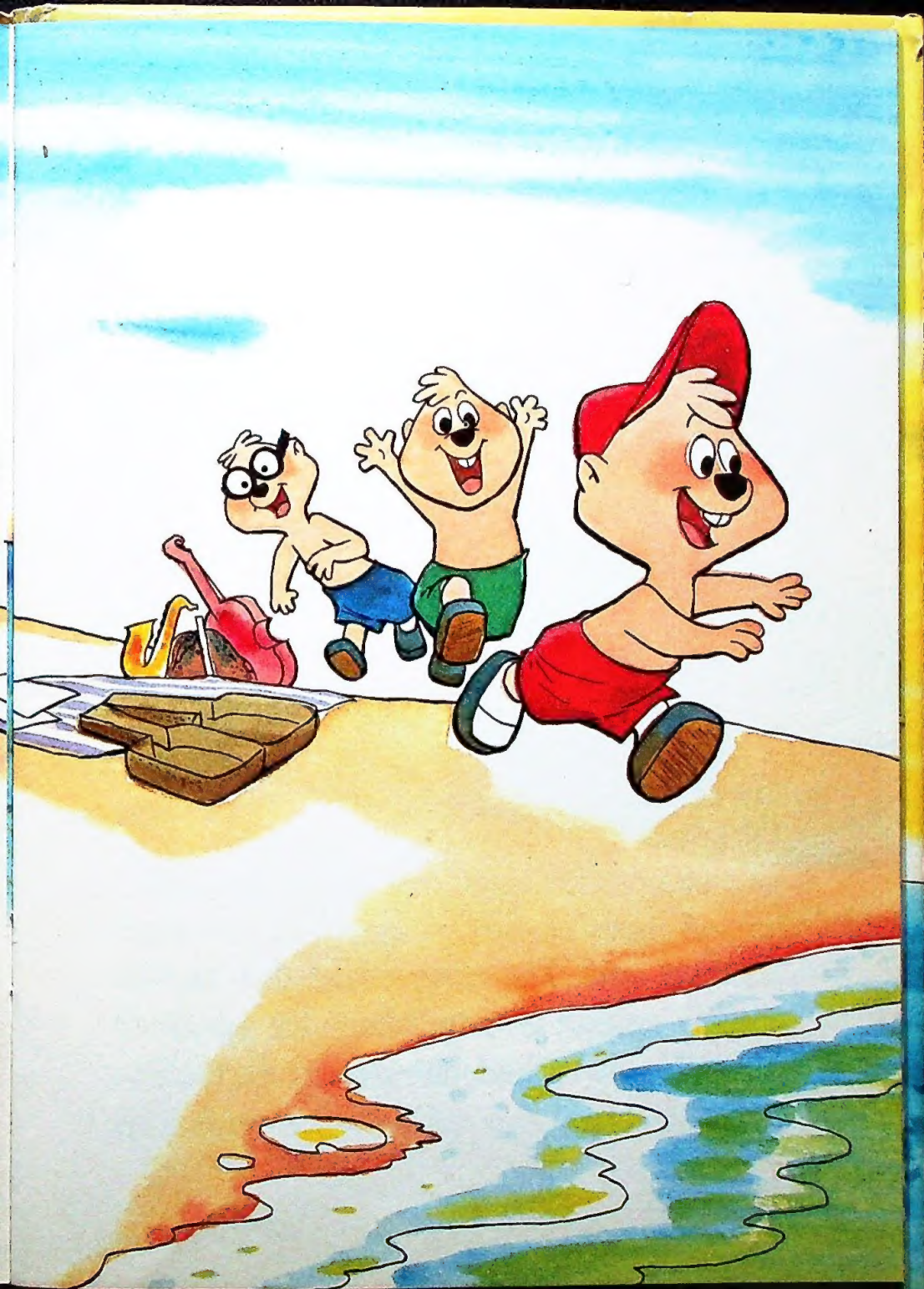
"We won't," promised the chipmunks.

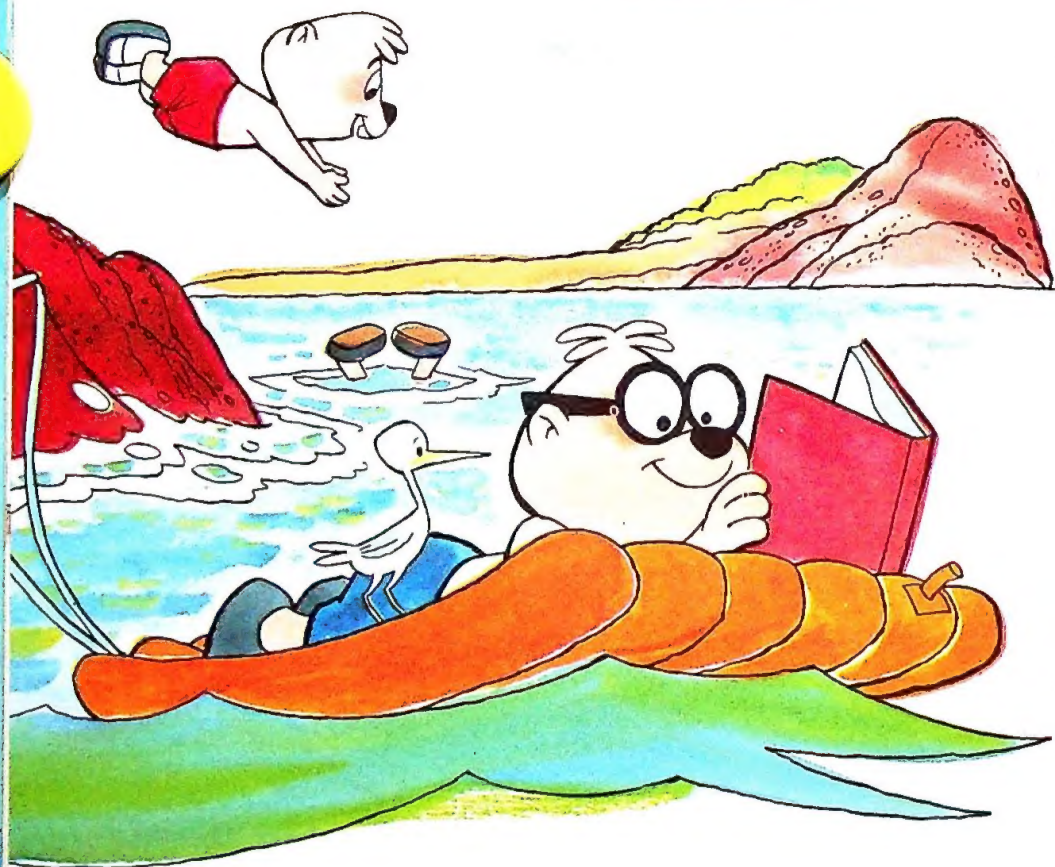


But time still passed slowly.

"It's worse than practicing in the house," moaned Simon. "We're already *on* the beach and we can't enjoy it!"

At last Dave's alarm clock rang from the porch. The boys dropped their instruments and splashed into the ocean.





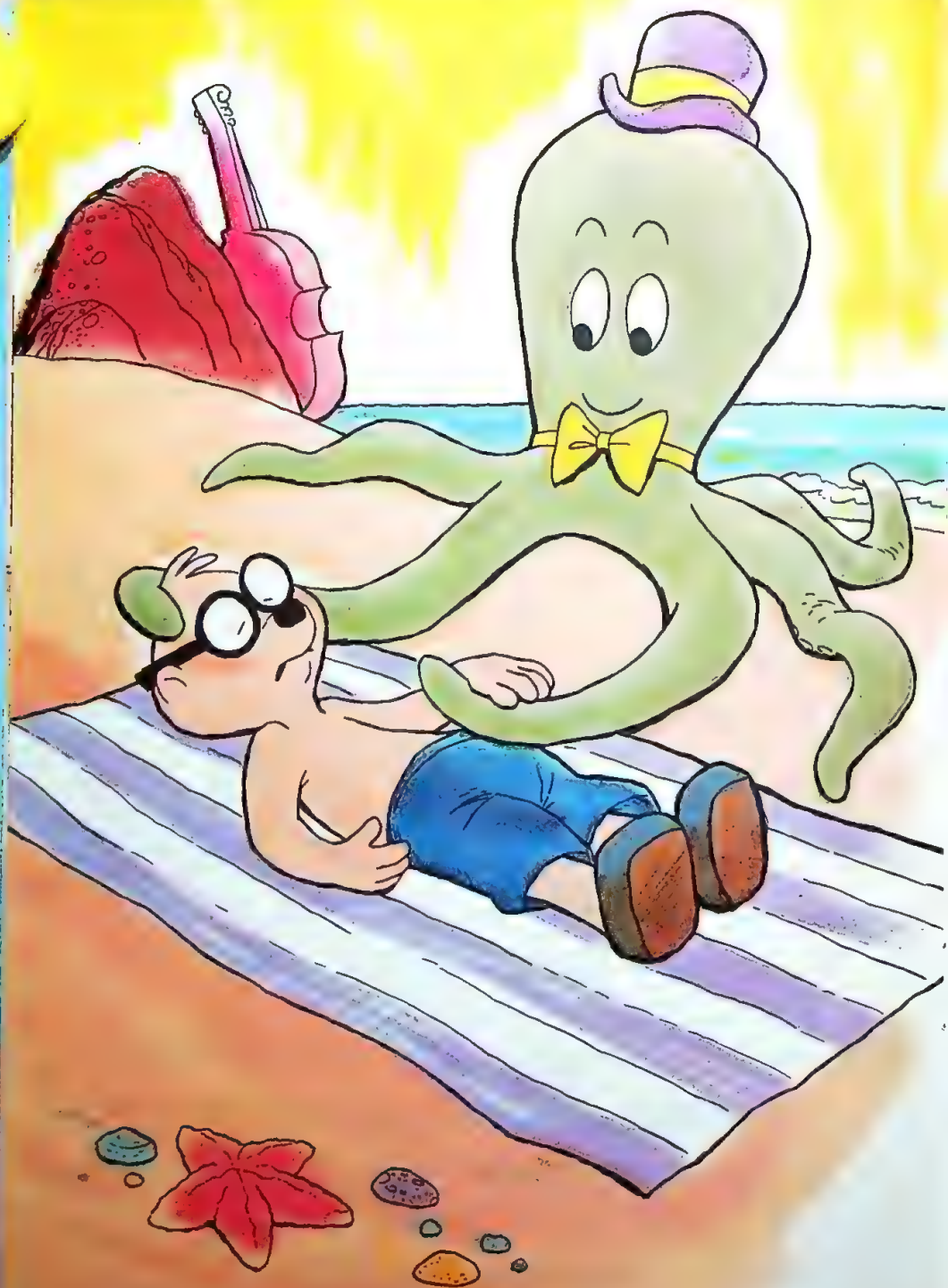
Alvin and Theodore dived for shells. Simon couldn't swim. But he liked to read. He stretched out on a raft tied to a rock.



Simon's story was exciting, so exciting that in his hurry to turn a page he fell off the raft into the water!

"Help! Save me!" yelled Simon.

But Alvin and Theodore were diving, and Dave was too far away to hear.





Then Simon felt himself being lifted by several pairs of arms.

When he opened his eyes, he found himself safe on the sand. Bending over him was an octopus!

"Octavius is the name," said the octopus, offering four of his hands.

"You saved my life!" gasped Simon.

"Pish tush, any passing octopus would have done the same," said Octavius.



Just about then Alvin and Theodore came up for air.

"Where's Simon?" asked Theodore, staring at the empty raft.

"There he is!" shouted Alvin. "We've got to save him from that octopus!"

And Alvin raced up the beach, Theodore puffing behind him. Snatching up his saxophone, Alvin brought it down, *crash*, on poor Octavius' head.

Simon was horrified. "He just saved me from drowning!"

"Why didn't you say so?" said Alvin. He began to fan Octavius.





As soon as Octavius came to, Simon introduced him to the others.

"Not *the* Chipmunks?" gasped Octavius.

"That's us," said Alvin.

"Ah, what a *glorious* moment!" cried Octavius. "Wait, please!" And he ducked behind a rock.

Before the boys could guess what he was up to, he was back. In each hand he held a musical instrument.

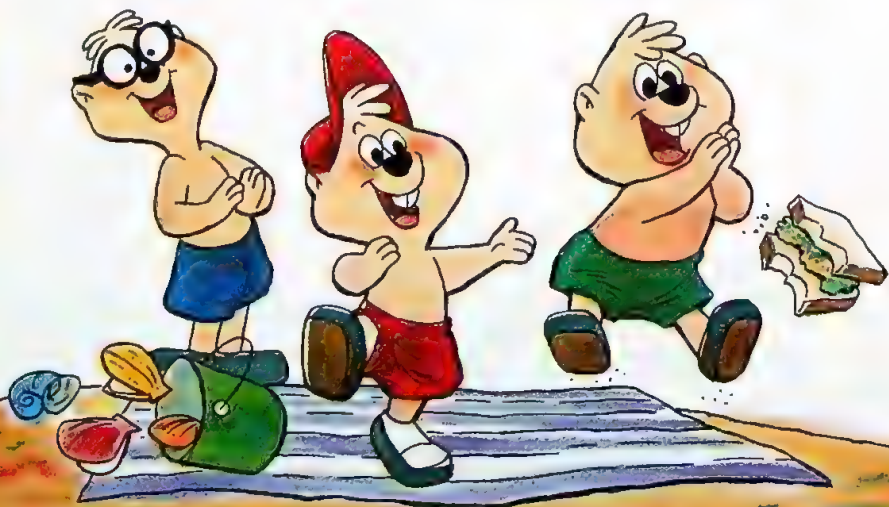




"First," he said, "I'll play 'The Stars and Stripes Forever.' " And Octavius, the one-man band, went into his act.

"Bravo-o-o!" shouted Theodore when Octavius finished.

"Do you really think I have a future in show business?" asked Octavius.





"Definitely," said Simon. "Alvin, let's ask Dave to listen. He can —"

"First I think Octavius needs a *little* more practice on three instruments," said Alvin, who had been very quiet. "The cello, saxophone, and flute."



"I'll go home and start practicing right away," said Octavius.

"No, no. Practice where we can listen, two hours every morning, starting tomorrow," said Alvin with a wink at Simon.



"Until the alarm clock rings," said Simon, winking back. "In a week you should be ready for Dave to hear you."

"Thank you, thank you!" said Octavius.

"Thank you!" said the Chipmunks.



For the next six mornings Alvin's plan worked beautifully. Each day the Chipmunks left the house carrying the saxophone, the cello, and the flute.

They stacked them neatly behind a rock.
Then they played in the ocean while
Octavius did their practicing for them.





But on the seventh morning —
Simon waved wildly to the others from
his raft.

When Alvin and Theodore reached shore Simon said, "Listen! He's playing 'The Stars and Stripes Forever'! "

"With full orchestra!" gulped Alvin. "We've got to stop him before Dave comes out!"

But they were too late.





"Hello, boys," said Dave. "You were playing so well I came out to record you. And look what I found — a great new musician who just loves to practice."

The Chipmunks hung their heads.



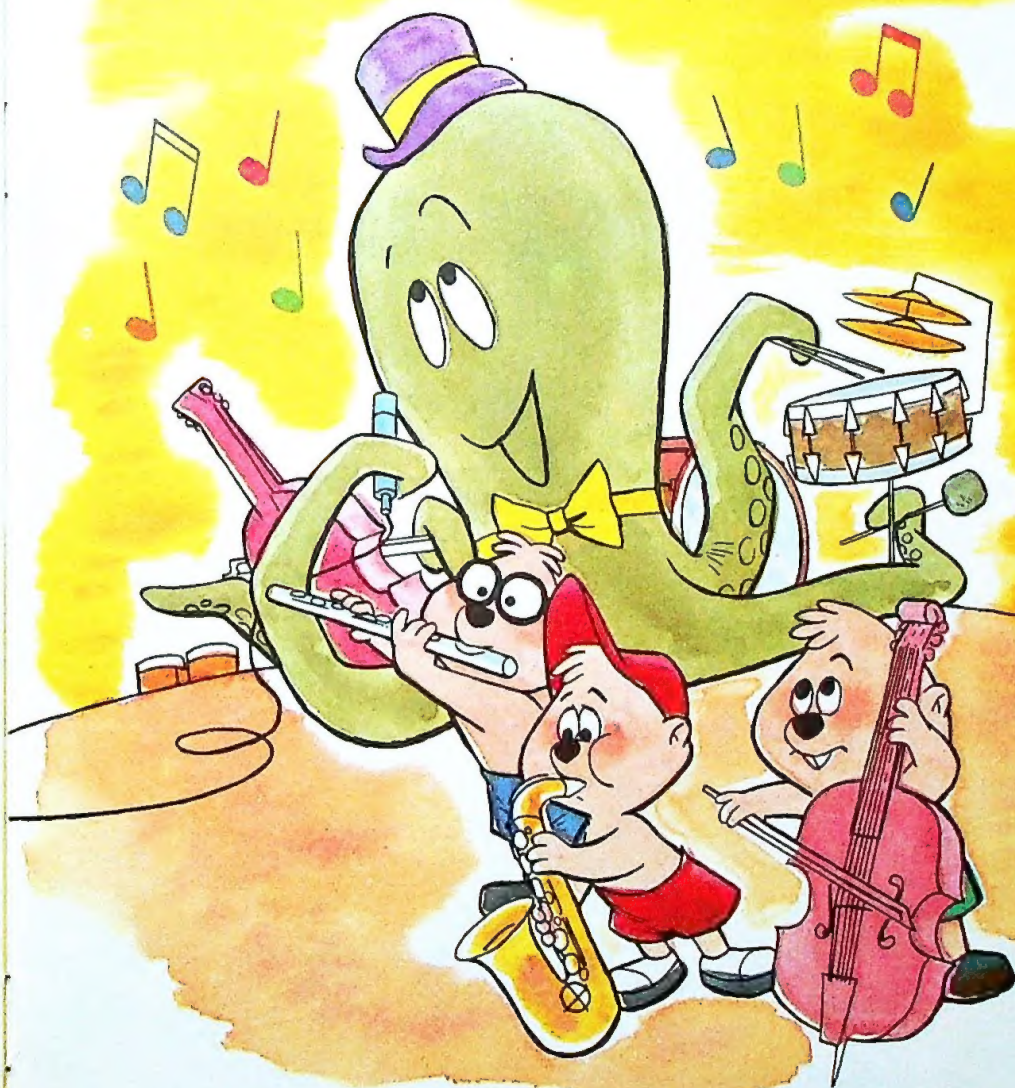




"And he sings, too," Dave added.

"Only three voices at a time," murmured Octavius.

The Chipmunks fairly flew to get their instruments from behind the rock.



As Octavius struck up "Who's Sorry Now?" the Chipmunks joined in.



And from then on, Octavius and the Chipmunks practiced together each morning before playing together in the ocean.



Whitman

BIG Tell-a-Tales

Original Stories:

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